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Newport Mercury.

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ments for the benefit of other persons, as well as all legal advertisements, and advertisements of real estate, or auction sales, sent in by them, must be paid for at the usual rates.
Cards of acknowledgment, religious notices, and the like, one insertion, 50 cents per square.
Deaths, marriages and deaths, inserted without charge; but all advertisements to the ordinary announcement, as obituary notices, &c., will be charged at 4 cents per line, no charge being less than 25 cents.
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P. A. PRATT & CO. WM. MESSER

Number 5,302.

Poetry.

THE GOLD HAS PASSED AWAY.

BY JOSEPH HUTTON.
Cold winter, with its chilly winds,
Has left us for a while;
And spring-time, with its new-born flowers,
Makes hills and valleys smile.
And many a home is cheerful now,
And many a heart is gay;
For spring has brought us sunny warmth—
The cold has passed away.

Once more the lark's sweet song is heard,
Once more the fields are green;
And all around, where flow'rets bloom,
Bright joyous life is seen.
And with the earliest dawn of light,
Forgetful of decay,
The peasant sings his labor song—
The cold has passed away.

Bright summer time will wait us,
And autumn with its store
Of fruit and grain will come again,
As well-timed as of yore.
And workers in the world's broad field,
Remember still that they
Who nobly live can truly sing,
The cold has passed away.

MY MOTHER.

Ah! well do I remember me,
In childhood's happy days,
Of a meek-eyed, gentle mother,
Who taught my lips to praise;
Who told me tales of years gone by,
And sung me odes to rest,
In plaintive strains of melody,
When pillow'd on her breast.

Ah! well do I remember me,
When mother's hand came,
Of that mother's tender counsel
In my own early home;
And when I left, thro' love of change,
The scenes of joyous youth,
It was her voice that whispered low
The words of love and truth.

THANKS FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

BY FRANCES ELLEN WATKINS.
Thank God for little children—
Bright flowers by life's wayside,
The dancing, joyous lifeboats
Upon life's stormy tide.

Thank God for little children—
When our skies are cold and grey,
They steal as sunshine in our hearts,
And charm our cares away.
I almost think the angels,
Who tend life's gardens fair,
Drop down the sweet wild blossoms
That bloom around us here.

It seems a breath of heaven
Round many a cradle lies,
And every little baby
Brings a message from the skies.
The humblest home, with children,
Is rich in precious gems,
That shame the wealth of monarchs,
And pale their diadems.
Dear mothers, guard these jewels,
As sacred offerings, meet,
A wealth of household treasures
To lay at Jesus' feet.

Useful Hints.

THE whirling motion which water assumes in flowing from a hole in the bottom of a tub is not caused by electrical currents, for such currents do not move in spirals. This motion is caused by the resistance to the flow of water offered by the orifice, and it amounts to 27 1/2 per cent. of the power of the falling water. The coefficient of discharge through an orifice is only 62 1/2 per cent., therefore the resistance by the orifice to the free falling of the water communicates motion to the mass in the tub, and this must affect the motion of the affluent water. Water will fall down in a straight line, in vacuum, where its passage is unobstructed.

Iron and steel are rendered a deep blue color, by first polishing the metal, then heating it up to 570° Fah., and cooling it at this point. The color of any polished piece of steel indicates its temper. A straw color, which is the temper of lancets, is obtained by heating the polished metal to 430° Fah. 450° Fah. is the heat for razors, and is a dark yellow. A light purple is obtained at 530° Fah., which is the temper for watch springs and swords. 290° Fah. is the temper heat for large saws and 570° Fah. for small ones.

To make superphosphate of lime, dilute sulphuric acid with twice its weight of water, and add bones broken into small pieces. The dilute sulphuric acid will dissolve them in a few days, after which the superphosphate should be mixed with sand and applied to the soil. Large stoneware vessels, similar to those employed by gold refiners for their acids, are the best to use for dissolving bones. By adding more water to the sulphuric acid, the bones will take longer to dissolve, but the same results will be ultimately secured. The vessels should only be half filled with the acid and water.

SHINGLES steeped in a solution of the sulphate of copper, and then thoroughly dried, will last much longer than those not so prepared. The shingles should be green when thus treated.

THE enamel on iron articles is formed by cleaning the surface, putting on a composition of ground flint, quartz and borax, which is afterwards fused in a furnace. Black copal varnish may answer as a coating for cast iron articles that are exposed to water. This varnish must be made with linseed oil and asphaltum.

RECIPE FOR NERVOUS AFFECTIONS.—Equal parts of sweet oil, spirits of hartshorn, turpentine and camphor. It can be made an anodyne by adding a little laudanum.

Selected Tale.

A BISHOP OF THE OLDEN TIME.

A HISTORICAL SKETCH.

THE solitary deliberations of the Bishop of Bayeux were interrupted by the entrance of a strange servant, who asked whether my lord's secretary was at home.

'No, my friend,' replied M. de Nesmond; 'he has just gone out.'

'I am sorry,' replied the man in livery, who did not know the bishop, 'for I was ordered to give him this money from the Marquis de C—, my master, a relative of the lieutenant of police.'

'This money?' replied the prelate; 'ah! tell me, my friend, how much is there in this purse?'

'Two hundred louis, sir,' replied the valet.

'Two hundred louis?' exclaimed the bishop, overjoyed. 'And for whom is this sum destined?'

'I do not know,' said the lackey; 'my orders were only to request my lord's secretary, on my master's behalf to convey it to Paris, to the person indicated by this paper, added he, drawing a letter from his pocket. 'I regret not having met with him; but I will return in the course of the day.'

'You need not give yourself that trouble, friend,' said the bishop, eagerly; 'you can leave the money and the letter with me, and tell your master that you placed the whole in good hands.'

'I do not doubt it, sir,' replied the servant, somewhat embarrassed; 'but he particularly requested me to give this money only to my lord's secretary, and I dare not—'

'Do not trouble yourself, my friend,' said M. de Nesmond, 'but tell your master that you left the money with my lord himself, who will willingly undertake his commission.'

'Oh, my lord! the Marquis de C— would never forgive me for having thus taken advantage of your kindness, and I prefer to come again.'

'It is unnecessary, I tell you; I do not wish you to have the walk for nothing, and I will myself undertake to give the money to his owner.'

'But I assure you, my lord, that my master will be angry when he shall have learned that I have been so indiscreet as to—'

'Well, tell him that I insisted upon it. The Marquis de C— is a friend of mine, and I shall be delighted to do him this favor.'

'You absolutely insist upon it, my lord?' 'Yes, my friend. Come give me the purse quickly.'

'Since you demand it, my lord, here it is.'

Scarcely had M. de Nesmond touched with a trembling hand the precious purse containing the two hundred louis so much desired, than his countenance became radiant and the most incoherent exclamations of joy escaped him. He almost danced, even in his episcopal palace; so delighted was he, or to speak more correctly, so great was his impatience to use for the benefit of his good friends, the poor, the treasure of which an almost providential chance had made him the possessor, that, after having assembled all his servants, he immediately gave orders for departure, instead of waiting for the morrow, as had been intended.

If the persons in the household were astonished at this unexpected counter order, they were still more so, and especially the steward, at the joyous and smiling face of his master, before so sad, we know why. Previous to entering the carriage, the good prelate had taken care to place the two hundred louis of the Marquis de C— in the various pockets of his dress, and sure of being able to meet all the requirements of the journey which were for him only of a single nature, he gayly conversed with his almoner, his secretary and steward, seated near him, and all wondering at a joyousness so unusual with their master.

'On what grass has my lord been treading to-day?' whispered the almoner and secretary to the steward, even more astonished than they. At this moment the episcopal cortege entered a village which was situated on the road to Paris, just out of Bayeux. It was the hour when the inhabitants of the place were taking their repast; and all, recognizing the livery and equipage of their bishop, came immediately in crowds to besiege his carriage and ask their beloved pastor's benediction.

'Ah! ah!' whispered the steward to his neighbors, 'my lord will be troubled, and I fear his good humor will meet with a rude reverse.'

But scarcely had my lord perceived his faithful sheep ranged all along the road in two lines, than he gave his coachman orders to stop, descended from the carriage much more quickly than usual, and, casting a glance of satisfaction over his flock, pliously kneeling, gave them first an ample benediction, then drew from his pockets a handful of louis, which he gave the curate of the village, requesting him to divide this among his most needy parishioners. This done, he re-entered his carriage amid cries, a thousand times repeated, of 'Long live our Bishop! Long live our good prelate!'

and he beckoned to the coachman to continue his journey.

'Good!' said the steward to himself; 'he must have collected a few louis here and there before leaving Bayeux; and, as usual, has given them all away at the first posts. We shall see whether the fire will be kept up.' But what was not his surprise, when at the next village he saw M. de Nesmond give with the same profusion, and so on, till he had passed the extreme limit of his diocese. Even beyond the territory subject to his religious jurisdiction, he could not pass through a village, town, or hamlet, without leaving there some mark of his munificence, as it were, in royal style. Every beggar, cripple, or blind man encountered on the way, received at least a louis. As for the little bag which the steward had put into the hands of the valet to be used for charity on the route, and which might have contained in all fifty lives in crown pieces, M. de Nesmond threw it all to a cripple whom he saw dragging himself along on the edge of a ditch. Finally, when he had arrived within ten leagues of Paris, he had only twenty louis left, which he took care to dispose of at a convent situated near the capital, where reigned, according to the superior's story, frightful penury, though the harvests of the year had been more abundant than for a long time previous.

In heaven's name, my lord, exclaimed the steward, alarmed as well as astonished at this prodigality, 'where did you get so much money? Have you been counterfeiting? or have you discovered the philosopher's stone?'

But the bishop, who had his reasons for not telling how he obtained so large a sum, was careful not to reply, and even opposed to these multiplied questions a slightly frowning brow. This obstinate silence, and these marks of displeasure, contributed not a little to enlarge the ocean of conjecture on which the honest steward was floating at full sail, and he occasionally communicated to his neighbors strange suppositions as to the origin of this wealth.

On reaching his hotel, situated on the Quai de la Jourdelle, between a court and garden, and which still bears his name, M. de Nesmond found a letter from Versailles summoning him to court on pressing business concerning his diocese. He immediately repaired thither, intending to remain in the city only a day or two at most, but contrary to this expectation, he was obliged to sojourn there nearly two weeks, the great king being then exclusively engaged with the preparations for the building of Marly, and his majesty's ministers obliged to assist at this important juncture. At last M. de Nesmond obtained his audience; after which he hastened to return to Paris, whither his own interests summoned him.

At the moment when, on his return from Versailles, he alighted in the court of his hotel, he found it occupied, to his great surprise, by three or four policemen, armed with muskets, who were gravely mounting guard there.

'What does this mean, my friend?' said he to one of them. 'What are you doing here?'

'You can see for yourself,' replied the man with the musket, roughly; 'we are guarding the avenue of the hotel that the robber may not escape.'

'The robber?' exclaimed the terrified prelate. 'A robber here! And who, in heaven's name, is he?'

'I do not know; ask the captain, who has his description. As for me, my business is to stand sentry, the rest does not concern me.'

As he said these words, the policeman recommenced passing backward and forward, whistling some lively air then in vogue.

'A robber in my hotel! It is the abomination of desolation!' said the good bishop to himself, as he ascended the stairs. But what were his confusion and grief, when, on entering the grand hall which led to his apartments, he found it invaded by a police officer and two or three men like those who were standing sentry without. In the same room were assembled all his servants, and their disturbed mien testified but too well to the nature of the duty which the policemen were at this moment fulfilling.

However, it appeared that the researches of the officer had been fruitless, for he was preparing to leave, with his men, when M. de Nesmond's entrance, they met face to face. Unaccustomed to the reception of such visits, the bishop could not conceal the aversion and terror which the latter caused, and at sight of him recoiled. As for the officer, he had scarcely looked at M. de Nesmond, when, uttering a significant 'Hum!' he cast his eyes on the paper he held in his hand and read it hastily.

'It is indeed he!' said he, interrupting this examination, to fix on the astonished bishop an investigating eye; 'white hair, an almost venerable figure, medium stature—ecclesiastical costume—he does, indeed, answer the description of the robber of whom I am in search.'

'What say you, my friend?' said the

terrified bishop, while a shudder of horror seized the spectators.

'In the name of the king and of the law,' said the officer, putting his hand on his collar, 'I arrest you! You will accompany me, if you please, to the chalet, when the lieutenant-general of the police will himself undertake to interrogate you.'

'Do you know, my friend, with whom you have to deal?' said the bishop, in consternation.

'Yes, I know, and that is what pleases me—your movement of terror did not escape me. Come, quick, and march willingly; resistance is useless. Do your duty,' added the officer, turning to his men.

The virtuous M. de Nesmond was immediately, in spite of his protestations and the clamors of his people, seized and violently dragged to the great gate of his hotel. Near it was stationed a carriage, which he was compelled to enter. The officer and two of his men took their places beside him. The rest of the squadron climbed as well as they could on the front and back of the carriage, which started off at a rapid pace.

I leave you to imagine the stupefaction of the household in the hotel at seeing my lord led away as a criminal.

'What sacrilege!' said the almoner, crossing himself.

'Alas! wretch that I am,' exclaimed the steward, shedding tears; 'it was I who, by refusing my lord money, compelled him to steal. I told you the worthy prelate would steal rather than fail of giving alms.'

In short, at the end of quarter of an hour, there was not a person in the hotel, who was not fully convinced that my lord had really and truly stolen for the poor—and an hour had not rolled away before this incredible excess of charity was rumored throughout the whole neighborhood.

Meanwhile the carriage rolled swiftly toward the chateau, and the more M. de Nesmond repeated that there was a mistake, and that he was the Bishop of Bayeux, the more did the police officer appear to be confirmed in his opinion that he really had the robber whom he had received orders to apprehend.

'You are the Bishop of Bayeux?' he would invariably reply; 'undoubtedly our robber also styled himself the Bishop of Bayeux. You are caught in your own trap. You cannot catch me with such pretences.'

So the unfortunate prelate, recognizing the uselessness of his protestations, resolved to remain silent and be resigned.

Scarcely had they arrived at the chateau when he was introduced by the officer into the cabinet of the lieutenant of police, who was M. de Voyer d'Argenson.

'My lord,' said the officer, 'here is the robber whom you ordered me to arrest.'

'M. de Nesmond!' exclaimed the magistrate, struck with astonishment at the sight of the venerable bishop. 'What have you done, wretch?' said he to the police officer, in a terrible tone.

'Executed your orders, my lord. Here is the description you gave me; read it, and compare for yourself.'

'My lord,' said the magistrate to M. de Nesmond, after having cast his eyes over the document, 'how many excuses I have to make you for the blunder of this stupid fellow. The occasion of this deplorable mistake is, in a few words, as follows:—One of my relatives who lives at Bayeux, the Marquis de C—, wished to remit to me the sum of two hundred louis, and sent to request your secretary to take charge of it. Now, the servant who was the bearer of it having been indiscreet enough to confide it to a stranger, an ecclesiastic apparently, who impudently assumed your name, and insisted upon taking charge of the sum, my relative immediately conceived the greatest suspicions as to the real quality of the personage, and thought it his duty to send me a description of him, after the indications furnished by his servant. Knowing that you had returned to Paris a fortnight since, and having seen nothing of the sum sent me by the Marquis de C—, I naturally concluded that his suspicions were well founded, and that his servant had indeed been the victim of some roguery. I, therefore, took the liberty to cause inquiries to be set on foot in your hotel in order to discover the thief, who is doubtless one of your household; but I entreat you to believe, my lord, that I would willingly have sacrificed these two hundred louis, and a thousand others besides, if I could have foreseen the annoyance this search would have caused you. What is most extraordinary in all this, and what, perhaps, extenuates the fault of the servant in some degree, is that the description of the rogue who appropriated my two hundred louis corresponds wonderfully with your appearance and physiognomy. This was not, however, a reason for committing so serious and so injurious a mistake, and I assure you I will punish, as he deserves, the insolent fellow who dared—'

'Stop, sir,' said the prelate; 'punish no one. This man has done only his duty. I am the robber whom you seek.'

'You, my lord! Your grace is jesting!' said the lieutenant of police.

'Not in the least, and to prove it, here

is the letter which the Marquis de C— addressed to my secretary, and I also permitted myself to retain your two hundred louis, which I needed on my journey.'

M. de Nesmond then related to the magistrate what the reader learned at the commencement of this story, withholding his charitable prodigality from Paris to Bayeux; then signed an order for two hundred louis on one of his debtors residing in Paris, and gave it to the lieutenant of police, adding:

'Now, sir, that my crime is proved, and what is more, confessed, do with me what seemeth good to you. I submit in advance to the punishment which I have deserved.'

'Ah! my lord,' exclaimed M. d'Argenson, 'I shall never be consoled for having caused to be arrested the most worthy prelate and the most honest man in France!'

'You pardon me, then?' asked M. de Nesmond, smiling.

'Ah! my lord! what a question! I am very grateful; but this is not enough, and I want also a promise that this honest officer shall not be punished for having arrested me, as it was his duty to do. If not, I constitute myself your prisoner, and will remain here.'

'Always charitable, my lord! Assuredly, the rogue does not deserve so much indulgence; but I cannot refuse you anything.'

On his return to his hotel after this singular adventure, M. de Nesmond was saluted by the joyful exclamations of his household, happy to see him again; but he had all the difficulty in the world to persuade them that he was not indebted solely to his high rank for having been set at liberty.

'Ah! my lord!' said his steward, throwing himself at his feet, after the mystery had been at last cleared up, 'how shall I ever dare lift my eyes to you—I, a villain unworthy to see the light, who could conceive for a single moment doubts of your integrity!'

'Come, come, my friend, do not blame yourself; appearances were against me,' said the bishop, kindly raising him. 'Only profit by the lesson in the future, and henceforth loosen my purse-strings a little, if you would not have me steal in good earnest!'

Dying Rich and Dying Poor.—'It was a sad funeral to me,' said the speaker, 'the saddest I have attended for years.'

'That of Edmonson?'

'Yes.'

'How did he die?'

'Poor, poor as poverty—his life was one long struggle with the world at every disadvantage. Fortune mocked him all the while with golden promises that were destined never to know fulfillment.'

'Yet he was patient and enduring,' remarked one of the company.

'Patient as a Christian—enduring as a martyr,' was answered. 'Poor man! he was worthy of a better fate. He ought to have succeeded, for he deserved success.'

'Did he not succeed?' questioned the one who had spoken of his perseverance and endurance.

'No, sir, he died poor, as I had just said. Nothing that he put his hand to ever succeeded. A strange fatality seemed to attend every enterprise.'

'I was with him in his last moments,' said the other, 'and thought he died rich.'

'No; he has left nothing behind,' was replied.

'The heirs will have no concern as to the administration of the estate.'

'He left a good name,' said one, 'and that is something.'

'And a legacy of noble deeds that were done in the name of humanity,' remarked another.

'And precious examples,' said another. 'Lessons of patience in suffering, of hope in adversity, of heavenly confidence, when no subsidies fell upon his path,' was the testimony of another.

'And high trust, manly courage and heroic fortitude.'

'Then he died rich,' was the emphatic declaration; 'richer than the millionaire who went to his long home the same day; a miserable pauper in all but gold. A sad funeral did you say? No, my friend, it was rather a triumphal procession! Not the burial of a human clod, but the ceremonial attendant on the translation of an angel. Did he not succeed? Why his whole life was a series of successes. In every conflict he came off the victor, and now the victor's crown is on his brow. No, he did not die poor, but rich, rich in neighborly love, and rich in celestial affections.'

'You have a new way of estimating the wealth of man,' said the one who had first expressed sympathy for the deceased.

The Mother of Good Luck.

'I don't want to stay there. I don't do anything but go errands, and be at every beck and call. I am not learning anything.'

Ephraim, a fatherless boy, had gone into a shop, and after being there a few months, this was the complaint he had made nearly every day to his mother.—One day his uncle John heard him.

'You think you are fit for something higher, then?' he said to the boy.

'Yes, sir,' said Ephraim; 'I don't want to be doing errands all the time.'

'But doing errands well is the only real step to promotion in Mr. Barrow's warehouse. When you have earned promotion by doing that branch of his business, you will rise then, and not till then.'

'Pretty small business,' muttered the boy, with a discontented pucker on his forehead. 'I don't care how I do it.'

'I am sorry to hear you say so,' said uncle John, 'for he only that is faithful in little things can be expected to be faithful in greater things. If you do not do your present work well, Mr. Barrow will have no reason to suppose you will do anything else better. Boys, you must earn promotion, to have it. I will tell you a story.'

Ephraim liked uncle John's stories, though he sometimes wanted to quarrel with the moral. However, he looked up as much as to say, 'Please go on, sir,' and uncle John went on.

A young man once went into business, with pretty fair prospects. The firm, however, did not go on well. It failed, I think, G— then returned home with bare pockets, in quest of employment. He met his old Sabbath School teacher in the street, stated his case, and asked him if he knew of any opening. 'Not just now,' answered the gentleman; 'but if you don't want to be idle, and are willing to work, I should like your services in our soup-house; the pay won't be much, but you can be very useful.'

'A soup-house,' cried Ephraim proudly, 'after being in a firm. I hope he did not stoop so low.'

A soup-house, as some of you know, is a great kitchen, where soup is made and served out to the poor during the winter, when food is dear and work scarce.

'Let us see how G— viewed this matter,' said uncle John. 'Yes, sir, I'll go,' was his answer; for G— was a good young man, and thought no situation beneath him where he could minister to the comfort of others. He went into the soup-house, dealt out the tickets, and the soup too, for aught I know; kept the books, and, in a word, managed the business the best he could.

'When the gentlemen who were interested in the soup-house met to see what good it had done, they were very much surprised at the manner in which the books were kept. "Why, who have you here?" they asked. One of them was the keeper of a large hotel. "I must have that young man," said he, "to manage my concerns." He found out G—, and offered him a handsome salary to become head clerk of his establishment. He went; but he had not been in the hotel many months before one of the boarders, the cashier of a bank, said to the hotel keeper, "that clerk of yours is a noble fellow; how well he conducts your business."

And it was not long before the cashier offered him a better situation in the bank. G— went. In course of time the cashier resigned, and the directors said, "We can't do any better than put G— in," and so he was promoted to that office. And he made as good a cashier as he did clerk. This gentleman is not cashier now, but he fills one of the most responsible posts in the country, and has a character shining with integrity and Christian worth. He did not despise lowly places, Ephraim.'

'But he had what I call luck—good luck,' exclaimed Ephraim.

'But diligence is the mother of good luck,' said uncle John; 'mind that, boy.'

A Fast Life.—A 'fast' life cannot be lived with impunity. In this field of waste and disorder, as in every other God's violated law, however it may be forgotten, never fails to assert and vindicate itself. 'The vicious die early.' They fade like shadows, or tumble like wrecks and ruins into the grave—often when quite young, almost always before forty. 'Bloody men,' says the psalmist, 'shall not live out half their days,' and the remark is equally true 'fast men.' They live unsteady; spend their twelve hours in six; turn night into day, or use for carousal or dissipation time that should be used for rest; and in their race in the chase of pleasure get out of sight and into darkness while others are in the glow and glory of life. Many a man, and many a woman, too, dies thus, long before their time. They keep up such a constant steam that the boiler is consumed or explodes. The machinery is destroyed by reckless speed and its inevitable wear and tear.—*Rev. T. Binney.*

Moliere was asked the reason why, in certain countries, the king may assume the crown at fourteen years of age and cannot marry before eighteen? 'It is,' said Moliere, 'because it is more difficult to rule a wife than a kingdom.'

When Jimima went to school she was asked why the noun bachelor was singular? 'Because,' she replied, 'it is so very singular, that they don't get married.'

An old lady once complained to her doctor that she could scarcely breathe.—'Don't try, my good soul,' he replied, 'no body wants you to do it.'

ENIGMA.—My 22, 12, 21, 16, 19, 9, 1, is a fruit. My 2, 22, 13, 7, 17, 9, 6, 11, is a capital of one of the United States.

My 23, 6, 10, is a fruit.

My 14, 4, 18, 9, is one of the United States.

My 12, 24, 22, 19, 4, is a fruit.

My 20, 13, 14, 6, 20, 16, 5, is one of the United States.

My 5, 23, 23, 16, 24 is a fruit.

My 8, 16, 20, is a fruit.

My whole is a new and delicious fruit.

Memoir of Rhode-Island.

1769.

Ezekiel Burroughs, where the house of the late Capt. Stephen Barker now stands, on the North side of Bridge-street.

Simon Newton, on the South side of the Point Bridge.

Mr. Belitha, on the North side of the Point Bridge, in the Marsh; making 21. Where the other stood, or to whom it belonged, we have not yet ascertained, but believe it stood near the Point Bridge, on the South side.

Wharves in Newport.

Thomas Robinson's North wharf on the Point.

Thomas Robinson's south wharf.

John Warren's, George Roomes', Wanton's, Ellyer's Ferry wharf, N. J. Clarke's, Harts, Holmes', Isaac Bowen's, Goddard's or Carr's, Henry Collins', Long wharf, from the town to Gravelly Point, West of Gravelly Point, or head—Ferry wharf North of the head of the Long Wharf and adjoining it. Point Bridge was then a wharf, and used as such. [The writer of this, has heard his father say, that he had seen a Brig with 40 horses on deck, sail from the Point Bridge.] Ingrain's South of the Point Bridge, Newton's, Tillinghast's, Thomas Richardson's, Ebenezer Richardson's, Oliver R. Warner's, Christopher Almy's, Champlin's, Durfee's, Gould's, Philip Wanton's, Marsh's, Gov. Wanton's, Rogers', two Island wharves, owners names unknown, Gibb's, Bell's, Cranston's, Almy's, Champlin's, Tweedy's, Lopez's, Peter Wanton's, Freebody's, Cozzens's, Wood's, Brown's, Carr's Ferry

HON. JOHN A. DEX has been appointed Postmaster of the New York city office, in place of ISAAC V. FOWLER, removed.

deavor to make their second visit as satisfactory as the first. The Light Infantry, under the command of Capt. E. G. AUSTIN, were here in 1838, and encamped for three days on the now occupied by the Atlantic House. The visit on that occasion was rendered very pleasant by the exertions of our townsman HENRY J. FINN, Esq., the actor, and the citizens generally, and should they visit us again at the time proposed, we have no doubts it would be very satisfactory to them.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN of Illinois was nominated for President by the Republican Convention at Chicago, yesterday, as we learn by telegram.

A PICTURE by ALLSTON, never before exhibited to the public, entitled "St. Peter Delivered from Prison," is now on exhibition in Boston.

THE census of the foreign residents at Shanghai, China, shows a total of 568, of whom 29 are natives of Great Britain, and 155 of the United States. There are of the number, 4 English, and 27 American females.

THE coming census of Texas, it is estimated by those best informed, will show a population of 500,000, including 150,000 slaves.

THE REPORTED DEATH OF CONSUL HARRIS
The report of the death of Townsend Harris is
entirely discredited by the government. It
originated, no doubt, in the fact that Mr. Har-
ris was dangerously ill at Jeddo, two weeks be-
fore Com. Tatsuhi left Japan. The rumor
reached the seaport, fourteen miles from Jeddo,
that he was dying, but he recovered, and a few
days before leaving, Com. Tatsuhi spent several
hours in his company. He was then in good
health and spirits. — *Washington Times*

KISSED AGAINST HER WILL.—A German girl in Cincinnati went to get her picture taken at a daguerrian car and got kissed by the operator. She did not like either the picture or the kissing and went to law for redress. The judge fined the artist twenty dollars and costs.

ONE store on Broadway, New York, retails one hundred pounds of snuff per week to ladies for "dipping" purposes.

THE ONLY APPOINTMENT MOST OFFICERS—
BARRACKS—Disappointment

THE voting in Savoy, on the project of annexation to France, resulted in favor of the proposition by immense majorities everywhere. It is worthy of remark that this election took place on Sunday. Where are the Sabbatarians?

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